

Sisters

By
KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright by Kathleen Norris

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—With his two daughters, Alix and Cherry, the latter just eighteen years old, and spent and silent, leaning against his shoulder. And so they remained, not speaking, for a long while. Presently Cherry broke the brooding, misty silence.

"What shall we do?" she asked in a small, tired voice.

Peter abruptly got to his feet, took a chair three feet away, and with a quick gesture of his hand and toss of his head, flung back his hair.

"There is only one thing to do, of course!" he said decidedly, in a voice unrecognizably grim. "We mustn't see each other—we mustn't see each other! Now—now I must think how best to manage that!"

Her eyes, heavy with pain, were raised to meet his, and she saw his mouth weaken with a sudden misgiving, and she saw him try to steady it and look down.

"I can—I shall tell Alix that this new business needs me in town for two or three nights," he said, forcing himself to quiet speech, but with one fine hand propping his forehead as if it ached. "I'll stay at the club."

"And as soon as I can go," Cherry added feverishly, "I shall join Martin. I'll wire him tomorrow—this is Sunday—and I'll go on Wednesday!"

Peter sprang over the porch rail and vanished, walking with swift energy up the trail that led toward the mountain.

For the rest of the day Cherry lived in a sort of daze of emotion; sometimes she seemed to be living two lives, side by side. In the one was her old happy relationship with Alix, and even with Peter, the old joking and talking and gathering for meals, the old hours in the garden or beside the fire, and in the other was the confused and troubled and ecstatic consciousness of the new relationship between Peter and herself, the knowledge that he did not merely admire her, did not merely feel for her an unusual affection, but that he was consumed by a burning adoration of her slightest motion, the turn of her wrist, the smile she gave Kow at breakfast time, the motion she made when she stopped to tie her shoe or raised her arm to break an apple from the low, dusty branches.

The glory of being so loved enveloped her like a great shining garment, and her cheeks glowed softly rosy, and there was a new and liquid softness, a sort of shining glitter, in her blue eyes.

Peter was quiet that evening, and was gone the next morning when the sisters came out to breakfast. He had left a message to the effect that he would not be at home that night, and at four o'clock telephoned confirming the message. Alix chanced to answer the telephone, and Cherry, who was in her room, heard Peter's name, and stood still, listening with a shock of disappointment.

But at eight o'clock that evening, when she and Alix were sitting on the porch, when the last ebbing pink of the sunset had faded and great spiders had ventured forth into the dusk and the dew, there was a sudden hall at the gate, and Cherry knew that it was he! A flood of utter, irrational happiness rose in her heart; she had been racked with hunger for the sound of that voice; she had been restless and unsatisfied, almost feverish with longing and doubt; now peace came again, and content.

He came up to them, his glance resolutely averted from Cherry, explaining that he was homesome, assuring them that everything went well and making them laugh with an account of Justin Little's reception of the new turn of affairs. "He seemed absolutely dumfounded," Peter said.

It was a Sunday, foggy and overcast, but not cold. The vines about the porch were covered with tiny beads of moisture; among the bushes in the garden little scarfs and veils of fog were caught, and from far across the ridge the drowsy warning of the fog-horn penetrated, at regular, brief intervals. Alix was away.

"Cherry," Peter said suddenly, when the silent meal was almost over, "will you talk about it?"

"Talk—? she faltered. Her voice thickened and stopped. "Oh, I would rather not!" she whispered, with a frightened glance about.

"Listen, Cherry!" he said, following her to the wide porch rail and standing behind her as she sat down upon it. "I'm sorry. I'm just as sorry as I can be. But I can't help it, Cherry. I'm as surprised as you are—I can't tell you when it all happened! But it—" Peter folded his arms across his chest, and with a grimly squared jaw looked off into the misty distance. "It is there," he finished.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Cherry whispered on a breath of utter distress. "I'm so sorry! Oh, Peter, we never should have let it happen—our caring for each other! We never should have allowed ourselves to think—to dream—of such a thing! Oh, Peter, I'm so sick about it!" Cherry added, incoherently, with filling eyes. "I'm just sick about it! I know—I know that Alix would never have permitted herself to—I know she wouldn't!"

He was close to her, and now he laid his hand over hers.

"I care," he said, quite involuntarily. "I have always cared for you! I know it's madness—I know it's too late—but I love every hair of your beautiful head! Cherry—Cherry!"

They had both gotten to their feet, and now she essayed to pass him, her face white, her cheeks blazing. He stopped her and held her close in his arms, and after a few seconds he felt her resisting muscles relax and they kissed each other.

For a full dizzy minute they clung together, arms locked, hearts beating madly and close and lips meeting again and again. Breathless, Cherry wrenched herself free and turned to drop into a chair, and breathless, Peter stood looking down upon her. About them was the silence of the dripping garden; all the sounds of the world came muffled and dull through the thick mist.

Then Peter knelt down beside her chair and gathered her hands together

in his own, and she rested her forehead on his, and spent and silent, leaning against his shoulder. And so they remained, not speaking, for a long while. Presently Cherry broke the brooding, misty silence.

"What shall we do?" she asked in a small, tired voice.

Peter abruptly got to his feet, took a chair three feet away, and with a quick gesture of his hand and toss of his head, flung back his hair.

"There is only one thing to do, of course!" he said decidedly, in a voice unrecognizably grim. "We mustn't see each other—we mustn't see each other! Now—now I must think how best to manage that!"

Her eyes, heavy with pain, were raised to meet his, and she saw his mouth weaken with a sudden misgiving, and she saw him try to steady it and look down.

"I can—I shall tell Alix that this new business needs me in town for two or three nights," he said, forcing himself to quiet speech, but with one fine hand propping his forehead as if it ached. "I'll stay at the club."

"And as soon as I can go," Cherry added feverishly, "I shall join Martin. I'll wire him tomorrow—this is Sunday—and I'll go on Wednesday!"

Peter sprang over the porch rail and vanished, walking with swift energy up the trail that led toward the mountain.

For the rest of the day Cherry lived in a sort of daze of emotion; sometimes she seemed to be living two lives, side by side. In the one was her old happy relationship with Alix, and even with Peter, the old joking and talking and gathering for meals, the old hours in the garden or beside the fire, and in the other was the confused and troubled and ecstatic consciousness of the new relationship between Peter and herself, the knowledge that he did not merely admire her, did not merely feel for her an unusual affection, but that he was consumed by a burning adoration of her slightest motion, the turn of her wrist, the smile she gave Kow at breakfast time, the motion she made when she stopped to tie her shoe or raised her arm to break an apple from the low, dusty branches.

The glory of being so loved enveloped her like a great shining garment, and her cheeks glowed softly rosy, and there was a new and liquid softness, a sort of shining glitter, in her blue eyes.

Peter was quiet that evening, and was gone the next morning when the sisters came out to breakfast. He had left a message to the effect that he would not be at home that night, and at four o'clock telephoned confirming the message. Alix chanced to answer the telephone, and Cherry, who was in her room, heard Peter's name, and stood still, listening with a shock of disappointment.

But at eight o'clock that evening, when she and Alix were sitting on the porch, when the last ebbing pink of the sunset had faded and great spiders had ventured forth into the dusk and the dew, there was a sudden hall at the gate, and Cherry knew that it was he! A flood of utter, irrational happiness rose in her heart; she had been racked with hunger for the sound of that voice; she had been restless and unsatisfied, almost feverish with longing and doubt; now peace came again, and content.

He came up to them, his glance resolutely averted from Cherry, explaining that he was homesome, assuring them that everything went well and making them laugh with an account of Justin Little's reception of the new turn of affairs. "He seemed absolutely dumfounded," Peter said.

It was a Sunday, foggy and overcast, but not cold. The vines about the porch were covered with tiny beads of moisture; among the bushes in the garden little scarfs and veils of fog were caught, and from far across the ridge the drowsy warning of the fog-horn penetrated, at regular, brief intervals. Alix was away.

"Cherry," Peter said suddenly, when the silent meal was almost over, "will you talk about it?"

"Talk—? she faltered. Her voice thickened and stopped. "Oh, I would rather not!" she whispered, with a frightened glance about.

"Listen, Cherry!" he said, following her to the wide porch rail and standing behind her as she sat down upon it. "I'm sorry. I'm just as sorry as I can be. But I can't help it, Cherry. I'm as surprised as you are—I can't tell you when it all happened! But it—" Peter folded his arms across his chest, and with a grimly squared jaw looked off into the misty distance. "It is there," he finished.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Cherry whispered on a breath of utter distress. "I'm so sorry! Oh, Peter, we never should have let it happen—our caring for each other! We never should have allowed ourselves to think—to dream—of such a thing! Oh, Peter, I'm so sick about it!" Cherry added, incoherently, with filling eyes. "I'm just sick about it! I know—I know that Alix would never have permitted herself to—I know she wouldn't!"

He was close to her, and now he laid his hand over hers.

"I care," he said, quite involuntarily. "I have always cared for you! I know it's madness—I know it's too late—but I love every hair of your beautiful head! Cherry—Cherry!"

They had both gotten to their feet, and now she essayed to pass him, her face white, her cheeks blazing. He stopped her and held her close in his arms, and after a few seconds he felt her resisting muscles relax and they kissed each other.

For a full dizzy minute they clung together, arms locked, hearts beating madly and close and lips meeting again and again. Breathless, Cherry wrenched herself free and turned to drop into a chair, and breathless, Peter stood looking down upon her. About them was the silence of the dripping garden; all the sounds of the world came muffled and dull through the thick mist.

Then Peter knelt down beside her chair and gathered her hands together

in his own, and she rested her forehead on his, and spent and silent, leaning against his shoulder. And so they remained, not speaking, for a long while. Presently Cherry broke the brooding, misty silence.

"What shall we do?" she asked in a small, tired voice.

Peter abruptly got to his feet, took a chair three feet away, and with a quick gesture of his hand and toss of his head, flung back his hair.

"There is only one thing to do, of course!" he said decidedly, in a voice unrecognizably grim. "We mustn't see each other—we mustn't see each other! Now—now I must think how best to manage that!"

Her eyes, heavy with pain, were raised to meet his, and she saw his mouth weaken with a sudden misgiving, and she saw him try to steady it and look down.

"I can—I shall tell Alix that this new business needs me in town for two or three nights," he said, forcing himself to quiet speech, but with one fine hand propping his forehead as if it ached. "I'll stay at the club."

"And as soon as I can go," Cherry added feverishly, "I shall join Martin. I'll wire him tomorrow—this is Sunday—and I'll go on Wednesday!"

accompany her into town; "and at lunch time we'll take a chance on the St. Francis, Shs." Alix said, innocently, "for Peter almost always lunches there!"

Feeling that the question was settled, yet restless and unsatisfied still, Cherry dressed for town; they climbed into the car; Alix's firm hands, in low chamol gloves, snatched at the wheel; the die was cast.

Yet at the station another change of plan occurred, for as Alix brought the car to the platform Anne came toward them from the arriving train, a gloved and demure and smiling Anne, anxious, she explained, to talk over this newest development, and "whether it proved to be of any value or not," to try to find out what Uncle Lee had really wanted for them all, and then agree to do that in a friendly manner, out of court.

"My first feeling, when Frenny told me," said Anne, chatting pleasantly in the shade, "was one of such relief! For I hadn't wanted all that money one bit," she confessed gaily. "I only wanted to do what was fair. Only two or three nights ago I said to Frenny that it really belonged to us all, and last night we talked and talked about it, and the result was that I said that I must see the girls—we three are the only ones concerned, after all, and—Anne's old half-merry and half-pouting manner was unchanged—"what we decide is what really matters!" she finished.

"Why, there is no question that it's Daddy's handwriting," Cherry said, with what, for her, was sharpness, "and it seems to me—it seems to me, Anne—" she added, hesitatingly.

"That you have a nerve!" Alix finished, not with any particular venom. "That document throws the case out of court," she said flatly. "Peter is confident of that!"

Anne's pale face flushed and her eyes narrowed.

Cherry was flushed and uncomfortable. There was an awkward pause.

"Board?" shouted a trainman, with a rising inflection. The sisters looked at each other in a panic of haste.

"I can't leave this car here," Alix exclaimed. "I've got to park her and lock her and everything! Run; get on board, Cherry. I don't have to go in, anyway—you've got a date!"

Cherry's heart leaped, sank coldly, and leaped again, as with a swift nod of parting she hurried for her train. The other two women watched her with forced interest as she climbed on board and as the train slipped noiselessly out of sight. It curved among the redwoods and was gone before either spoke again. Then, as her eyes met Anne's friendly, questioning smile, Alix said awkwardly:

"I think the only thing to do is for you and Justin to take this up with Peter, Anne. I mean—I mean that you were the ones who proposed to bring it into court in the first place, and—and I don't understand much about it. As far as coming to any agreement with me is concerned, you might just as well have gone back on the train with Cherry. I hate to talk this way—but we all think you acted very—well, very meanly!" Alix finished rather flatly.

"Perhaps it's just as well to understand each other!" Anne said, with hot cheeks. They exchanged a few more sentences, wasted words and angry ones, and then Anne walked over to a seat in the shade, to wait for another train, and Alix, with her heart beating hard and her color high, drove at mad speed back to the mountain cabin.

"I didn't ask her to lunch—I don't care!" Alix said to herself, in agitation. "She and Justin know they're beaten—they're just trying to patch it up before it's too late—I don't care—I won't have her think she can get away with any such scheme!"

(To be continued)

Medina Center

Jeffrey Hoddinott is wearing a great big smile these days and it's because the stork arrived before Santa Claus this year and left him daddy of a fine, big baby boy; his name is Ralph Newman. Both mother and baby are getting along as nicely as can be expected.

Wallace Newman spent Friday and Saturday in Akron.

Miss Donna Hood spent Friday in Cleveland. Her sister Gertrude returned home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Winters, Clate Nettleton's and Miss Lota Nettleton were in Cleveland last week.

Mr. John Cinniger called on Mr. M. J. Bensinger, Saturday and found him feeling a very little better. He has returned home from the hospital in Lorain.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Schems of Rittman spent Saturday with the latter's brother, Mr. Warren Lance and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Huffman and children spent Sunday at the home of Fred Huffman.

Mrs. Cooper and son Roy spent Friday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Wallace Newman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huffman and son Eudocio spent Sunday with J. R. Gilbert and family of Lafayette.

Miss Pearl Pressley was home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Brooks of Medina spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Huffman.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 18

PAUL'S LAST WORDS.

LESSON TEXT—II Tim. 4:1-18. GOLDEN TEXT—I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.—II Tim. 4:7.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Rom. 8:27-31; I Cor. 15:57; Rev. 12:1.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Last Words From Paul.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Close of a Victorious Life.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Paul's Final Triumph.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Lessons for Today From the Life of Paul.

1. Paul's View of Death (v. 6). Set forth in two metaphors: I. An Offering (v. 6). "I am ready to be offered." This specifically meant a drink offering—a libation. The shedding of his blood was to be an offering poured out upon the sacred altar as an act of worship. Death can only be an offering to God when the life has been wholly yielded to the doing of God's will. This was preeminently true of Paul, for he could say, "For to me to live is Christ" (Phil. 1:21).

2. A Departure (v. 6). "The time of my departure is at hand." The same idea is expressed in Philippians 1:23. "Departure" is a nautical term which signifies the losing of a ship from its moorings, in order to enter upon its voyage. It is not the end of the voyage, but its beginning.

II. Paul's Backward Glance at Life (v. 7).

This backward look is presented in three figures:

1. "I have fought a good fight." The figure here is that of a soldier. The Christian life is a warfare of difficulties, conflicts, dangers and temptations. As a soldier, the Christian must fight and overcome all these.

2. "I have finished my course." The figure is that of an athlete who sets out to win a race. The Christian life is a race to be run; we must not only begin the race, but persistently run to the end.

3. "I have kept the faith." The figure is that of a husbandman to whom had been entrusted a treasure. This treasure was the Christian faith. He was conscious of having been faithful to the trust committed. He had many temptations to give it up, but to the end maintained his fidelity to his vow to Christ.

III. Paul's Forward Look to the Future (v. 8).

This is a beautiful picture of calm confidence at the end of a period of faithful service. Though knowing that death was awaiting him, there was no dark cloud before him, because the glory of a completed task rested upon him.

1. He saw before him a life with God. Fellowship with God is a prize greatly to be desired.

2. A prize laid up—A crown of righteousness. This award will be given at the coming of the Lord to all who love His appearing.

IV. Paul's Associates (vv. 9-12).

1. Demas, the renegade (v. 10). Demas has become immortalized as one who was religious, but because of the attractions of the world he went after it. The love of the world caused him to turn his back upon principle, friendship, honor and duty.

2. Luke, the faithful (v. 11). Perhaps he was the best fitted of all to minister unto Paul. Luke was faithful whether in shipwreck, imprisonment, journeying by land and sea.

3. Mark, the restored runaway (v. 11). Mark had gone back, but he was restored. Though we have failed, we can redeem ourselves and become trustworthy.

V. Personal Matters (vv. 13-18).

1. Bring the cloak, books and parchments (v. 13). In the jail the cloak would be needed for his comfort. The books and parchments would be needed for his study and writing.

2. Alexander, the coppersmith (vv. 14, 15). We have no way of determining when this deed was committed. It was given as a warning to Timothy.

3. Defended by the Lord though forsaken by men (vv. 16-18). Paul in his last trying hour was much like his Lord—left alone. He says, "All men forsook me." It was said of Christ, "They all forsook Him and fled." Paul manifests a like spirit, "I pray God that it might not be laid to their charge." Christ said, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Though it was wrong for them to leave Him alone, He not only forgave them, but prayed that the Lord might forgive them. Paul had so completely lived for Christ, and his fellowship with Him was so complete, that he was alone in this dreadful hour.

Finding Joy.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. They give light without meaning to shine. Their bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—Frederick W. Faber.

Delight in God's Word.

All noble art is the expression of man's delight in God's work; not in his own.—Ruskin.

Garden Isle

Mrs. Homer Howard and brother, Homer Allen, spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Fred Allen and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Dull and their daughter Evelyn spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen and daughter also with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McDermott. Mrs. Homer Howard also visited at the same place.

Miss Bernice Allen and sister Letha spent Saturday afternoon and Sunday with their sister, Mrs. James Nieswenter, in West Salem.

Mrs. Peter Howell, who lives at the south side of the muck, is on the sick list, having a bad case of rheumatism.

Mrs. Wiece, a sister of Mr. Elmer Jackson, who lives at the West side of the Horr-Warner Co.'s farm, died Friday morning at 4 o'clock at the Lodi hospital.

Mr. Ray Deniere of Spencer is spending a few days with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Allen of Garden Isle.

Wadsworth

Allan Calbetzor, 64 years old, died at his home Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 7. Funeral services were held from his home Saturday afternoon and burial made at Chestnut Hill cemetery, Doylestown. Calbetzor is survived by his wife and four children, Cornell, Adolphus, Delle and Mrs. Stella Serfass. He was an invalid for three years, having been hit by an automobile, and was under a physician's care until the time of his death.

Word has been received that Mrs. Hiram Baughman died very suddenly at her home in the west. Mr. Baughman formerly lived in Wadsworth.

Inspection of Canton Wadsworth 91 I. O. O. F. occurred Monday evening, Dec. 12. R. S. Strong of Akron was inspecting officer.

NOTICE!

Effective Dec. 1 and thereafter the local gas office will observe the following hours: 8:30 to 11:30 a. m., and 12:30 to 5:30 p. m. At no time hereafter will the office be open evenings.

MEDINA GAS & FUEL CO.

SAFETY FIRST

Why are Savings & Loan Companies desirable institutions in which to deposit funds?

BECAUSE

all funds are loaned on first mortgage real estate security.

If on examination of the County Records the title is found clear, a First Mortgage is executed, the Fire Insurance is made payable to us and the policy deposited in our vault, and the loan is made.

Our loans are absolutely safe when made, but the requirement of monthly reduction by stipulated payments makes every mortgage better every month.

Your patronage solicited.

THE MEDINA COUNTY SAVINGS & LOAN CO. OF WADSWORTH, OHIO

W. A. Ault, President

Frank L. Lytle, Vice-President

Wm. H. Auck, Secretary

BRING YOUR SUCKING PIGS TO US

We will pay you 15 cents per pound for white or red pigs weighing less than 30 pounds and 12 cents for black ones.

J. N. CURTIS & SON

One mile west of Wooster Pike on Fowles Road
BEREA

MEMORIALS

Do you intend erecting a monument or marker for Decoration Day? If so we invite you to look over the beautiful designs we have ready to letter in our show room.



THE MEDINA GRANITE & MARBLE CO. SOUTH COURT ST. MEDINA, OHIO